

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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A New Life for the Theatre.

No wonder that the age of Elizabeth was brilliant and romantic; that it had an imperial Queen in its ruler and Sir Walter Raleigh as its chief gallant, and that the face of the English world was sprinkled thick with statesmen, courtiers, warriors, lawyers and men of great intellectual ascendancy. Not only the incidents of the age cheered them. Explorations of far countries, constant adventure and new characters rose every day to the surface.

We must not forget that this condition of things was not only represented in the drama, but that it was hastened and incited to its work by what they had placed before them on the stage.

By the great dramatists of the period nightly were they treated to some new creation arousing heroic emotion or opening the heart to the mirthful phases of humanity. Tragedy and comedy did their duty fully and well, and British audiences never failed to be supplied with a fresh succession of idealized personages who gave to them new worlds of observation, reflection and amusement.

Where is our pageantry of the stage? Are the prophets all dead? Is it not possible that some man should arise who, taking pity on our miserable condition and depressed spirits, created by the doleful monotony of realistic journalism—cannot some divine spirit appear among us and put soul and spirit in us with a new Falstaff, a honey-tongued Marc Antony, a genial poltroon in a cousin or some other near kin to Bob Acres, and a whole family of social merry makers, as in *The School for Scandal*?

Are we to be forever put off with the machine jokes of the funny men of the newspapers and the automatic grins and insensate horse-laugh of farce-comedy and the huggemugger divertisement and variety show? Can we not have again genuine, genial, sunny comedy—the comedy of genius and the pure humor that belongs to genius alone? Are not all the means and appliances of lavish outlay in the equipment of the stage and wrestling energies employed to grasp attractive new plays equal to an effort to drag to the front one man born to be a light to the stage, a blessing to actors, and become a joy forever to beaten-down and discouraged audiences?

A well-intentioned paragraphist asserts that the stage is weary of waiting for the American dramatist of talent and power, and he adds: but he will be thrice welcome when he comes. A word in this utterance involves the fatal error on which our managers proceed; they depend too much on mere "talent" or mere mechanical agencies and devices. The moment they discover in a new offered play the slightest indications of "genius," they turn their backs upon it as not in-form.

Will new men join the ranks of management, or the old managers turn a new leaf and review the dramatic field from an original point of view, and not contrive by mere perfunctory repetitions, or shall we still struggle in the slough of despond? Whatever manager has attempted novelties with a sign of vital life in them and stood by them manfully, has succeeded. We would like to see more of this heroic administration of the Theatre, and the wooden idols that have been so persistently worshipped summarily despatched to the lumber room and scheduled in the stage vaults as dead sticks.

Vitality of Italian Opera.

Scarce a day passes that we do not hear the fashionable platitude that, like Shakespeare, the Italian opera is moribund and that the death sentence is written over against it. The revival in Paris of Verdi's *La Traviata* and its successful adoption by the paying Parisian public at the present moment is a standing protest against any such false idea. The revival is a triumphant one, and that in a metropolitan centre which of all others, from the very nature of the population, might be expected to crowd out the solid work of musical genius, the masterpieces which call for a liberal and appreciative technical knowledge on the part of the audience, in favor of ephemeral and perhaps more amusing opera comique. That this latter class of production should be popular, need excite no surprise. The people need amusement—the overworked lawyer finds relaxation in endeavoring to discover a plot where perhaps none exists. The overworked physician finds in *The Chimes of Normandy* a pleasant foil to the excited ringing of his night-bell during his first sleep. The overworked dramatic and musical critic, even, may snatch some comfort in seeing such a piece if he strolls in during a run, without his note-book. And last, not least, that

great insatiable, the public, the plodding, tax-paying, home-sustaining national backbone—the public likes to throw off the yoke of daily care which galls its neck and listen to a tissue of musical nonsense which for an hour or two diverts its mind from the perennial bread, butter and assessment questions and fills its ears with tuneful numbers which jingle lightly in his memory for days.

The opera proper, however, appeals to a somewhat different order of minds. While there are in most of the operas vast quantities of beautiful music which strike as forcibly on the taste and imagination of the uninitiated as of the initiated, yet the bulk of operatic music requires for its full reception minds which have been trained in those surroundings of musical refinement which open the understanding to a nice feeling for the higher grades of musical composition, and which are fitted to judge, at least to some extent, of the pro-

The American voices seem likely to rival the Italian in richness, quality and high register, and there are scattered over the country in obscurity many persons possessing abilities to become artists of the first musical rank. If the American Opera Company, by the operations of its schools and public performances, brings some of them to the front, a great national advancement in this respect will have taken place. It is only to be done by facing the greatest difficulties and dealing with them fairly and honestly.

La Traviata, a masterpiece which Verdi wrote in eighteen days, is one of those test operas which, in spite of the present successful representation in Paris, can not be so well sung by French voices as by American or Italian, on account of the sustained high range of its notes. In the first place, French voices, if they have sufficient power, lack sweetness; in the second, the training of voices to the

of Henry R. Browne, the sculptor, whose hand and genius shaped the equestrian statue of Washington which stands under close observation from the windows of this office. It is a noble work to contemplate at any and all times, and lifts up the spirit to a heroic level from above the turmoil and flow of trade and traffic sweeping on athwart its pedestal.

The record of the sculptor sets forth that at Newburg, on Sunday, July 10, he died. He was born at Leyden, Mass., in 1814. He began drawing at the age of twelve, and when he was eighteen years of age he went to Boston to study portrait painting, but turned his attention to sculpture. After a course of study in Italy he settled in Brooklyn, and commenced casting bronze, producing the first bronze statue ever cast in America. Among his works are the bronze statue of De Witt Clinton, the Washington equestrian statue in Union square, New York, the Lincoln statues

warehouses all around lift their lofty heads to see the green fields and orchards of the Knickerbockers. When he awoke he found what is now Union square he saw the stately trees in blossom on Bowery Hill. And you will take note that Washington, living or dead, stands serene among all.

Amusements Under Canvas.

The tenting season is no longer confined entirely to the circuses. Quite a variety of entertainments are now given under canvas. Opera, minstrelsy and vaudeville lead. Some of these encamp by the seaside and others on the hill-tops. Some of the tents and their seating arrangements are quite pretentious, and the performances given are of an excellent order, no matter in what department of the amusement field.

It is only in the past few seasons that tents have begun to dot the landscape in such numbers. It is probable that the increase will continue, and that Summer entertainments under canvas will become an institution. At present only a few of these concerns have decent outfits, and when Jupiter Pluvius pays his respects to earth the people either stay near or scatter after assembling. Canvas will never take the place of the orthodox roof. Unseasoning rain will make miserable the occupants of the stoutest tent. It will be some time before drama and opera under canvas will become really presentable. There are many difficulties in the way, not including wind and rain. The promoters of amusements under canvas might take many hints from the bluff clown men, who have been improving upon their canvas equipment through generations.

Still, drama, opera and vaudeville under canvas will never be more than a makeshift. The great public feels most at home under canvas when it is looking upon the flyer clown and his daring leaps, the merry clown in his motley, the bewilderment of spangles, and all the thousand and one feats that have so long chained our attention as they have amused that of our grandfathers.

Solomon's New Opera.

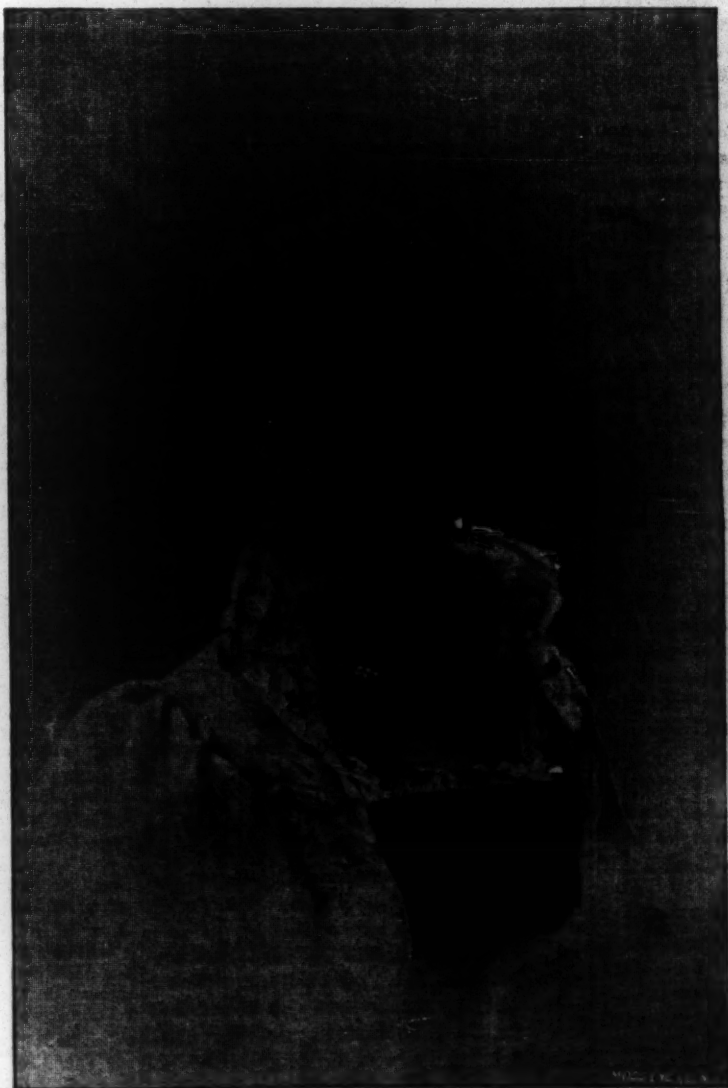
"Rehearsals of Hoyt and Solomon's new opera, *The Maid and the Moor*, are going on daily," said James C. Duff to a *Mirror* reporter, "and it will be produced at the Standard Theatre about August 14. Besides Lillian Russell, who plays the heroine, the only engagement of a principal has been that of Tony Hart, who will create an original comedy part. I am arranging the cast now with the assistance of Mr. Hoyt and Mr. Solomon, and I hope to begin rehearsals next week. I think the libretto will be a complete surprise to the admirers of Mr. Hoyt, while the music of Mr. Solomon is certainly the best he has yet written. I look for a run of considerable length, for the opera will be a distinctive novelty. It may prove to be the long sought for and much desired 'American opera.'"

Mr. Hoyt wrote the piece some time ago, but the music and finishing touches have been added within a few weeks.

"The scenery will consist of three exterior scenes and will be decidedly picturesque. These scenes will be painted from suggestions taken from views in *Pictorial America*. The costumes will be modern but fanciful. There will be a very effective and catchy bit in the first act, consisting of ten little negro boys dressed as jockeys. They sing and dance. In the second act Virginia reel is danced. The chorus will number fifty."

"Was there any truth in the report that Dixey was to have appeared at the Standard on Sept. 1, before this last arrangement was consummated?" asked the reporter.

"Not one word. I was surprised to hear of such an engagement. I had an application from Mr. Rice, who wanted to get the Standard for some such time, which I neither declined nor accepted, leaving it to depend upon circumstances when I got to America. My regular opera company will open its season in San Francisco on August 30, with my production of *The Mikado*. The organization will remain pretty much the same as that of last season, with J. M. Ryley as the comedian, Harrie Hilliard tenor, Vernona Jarbeau and Mrs. Seguin, and with the addition of a new prima donna in the person of Alice Rees, who trained all of Gilbert and Sullivan's heroines in Australia, and Madeleine Lucette. I shall probably produce with this company several more operas of which I secured possession during my European trip. I shall also put on *A Trip to Italy*."



FANNY GILLETTE.

foundly scientific knowledge and consummate skill set forth in many of the grander works.

It is the same in the sister art of painting; there are plenty of worthy people who would prefer a gaudy pot-boiler which tickled the eye to the finest piece of *chiaro oscuro* Rembrandt ever painted; while, on the other hand, the appreciative artist or the advanced amateur will perfectly revel over the subtleties and wonderful technical excellence of the Rembrandt and feel a sort of shock at the harshness of the showy "tea tray." The grand harmonies of Wagner's *Tannhauser* requires some knowledge of music to feel the force—to develop the flavor, if one may say so—of them; and it is the same with others. In other words, such music sounds well to every one, but a long way to the best to those whose knowledge enables them to detect the artistic excellences as well. The one class takes in the melody with the ear, the other with the mind.

French pitch, which is of distinctly lower tone than that of most other nations, leaves French voices practically impaired for the great strain of an opera mostly written for high registers. Not only musically but dramatically this opera is very trying. The death of Violetta as acted by Piccolomini was perhaps in its way as remarkable as anything of its kind. The reports from Paris say that Madame Salla acquits herself splendidly in the part, being worthily supported by MM. Talazac, the tenor, and Bouvet, the baritone. This successful revival of the opera in Paris, then, should help to dispel any fears of its decadence, and strengthen the hands of the American Opera in every legitimate effort to establish opera as a home growth.

Under Our Eye.

It might seem that *The Mirror* lacked local patriotism if it failed to take note of the death

in New York and Brooklyn, and the equestrian statue of General Scott in Washington. In marble his best known works are "Hope," "The Pleiades," "The Four Seasons" and the statue of General Nathaniel Greene, at Washington. He had resided in Newburg since 1858.

The statue is a most life-like presentation of the great man in affairs who gave to us a country and a name among the nations. Much would that bronze presentment have to tell from where it stands, with the capital city of a great Republic at his feet and a far-off look to the millions crowding a continent to the setting of the sun and the dashing waters of the Pacific.

He, too, knows something of the immediate vicinage which he now commands. Along these ways wended his soldiers to and fro in the Revolutionary days in prudent retreat and victorious return. Where these mansions and

At the Theatres.

Brother Against Brother is the attraction this week at the Windsor Theatre. The piece is sensational and without any discernible merit, but it introduces two dogs of great sagacity and intelligence, that quite take the palm from their human colleagues in the cast. Dog dramas used to be popular in the old Bowery days. They were all of the same stamp, the situations being devised with a view to introducing some canine accomplishment in a supposedly thrilling manner. Of course such pieces could possess little if any merit, but they "went" nevertheless with the not unduly fastidious playgoers of the region in question. In *Brother Against Brother* the fine mastiffs Tiger and Lion go through with their business very cleverly. They are supported by the Leono Brothers, pretty and vivacious Emily Kean and several people whose names are unknown to metropolitan programmes. Next week, N. S. Wood and a company containing several old favorites of the Bowery—among the rest Joseph P. Winter, Maurice Pike, Mrs. W. G. Jones and Millie Sackett—will be seen in that very ancient chestnut, *The Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard* from the Cradle to the Grave.

For one or two performances during the last half of her engagement at the Windsor Theatre last week, Rose Levere appeared in *Romeo and Juliet*. Although a trying role, Miss Levere's Juliet was in many respects superior to her Leah. The role of the love-stricken maiden is a severe test to the beginner, but Miss Levere stood the ordeal and placed some very good work to her credit. The faults of elocution in Leah were noticed in Juliet, especially in the earlier acts. In the later acts, where the more intense passion of love was depicted, Miss Levere frequently delivered her lines and acted with dramatic power. There have been far inferior presentations of the tragedy in this city in recent years, both as to star and company. Alexander Salvini was the Romeo. He acted the part finely, but in the more impassioned delivery of his lines he was somewhat indistinct. The Mercutio of John A. Lane was well played. L. F. Band was a dignified Capulet. Louis Barrett gave an acceptable performance of the Friar. Gusie De Forrest was a stately Lady Capulet, and Mrs. Carrie Jamison gave satisfaction to the audiences as the doting but garrulous Nurse.

Prince Karl is making a record that surprises everybody, including the star and the author. When it was first produced at the Madison Square the general opinion seemed to be that the comedy's career would be short and disastrous. But by dint of judicious management and rewriting the production was speedily licked into acceptable shape, and the business became and has since continued to be remarkably good for this time of year. Prince Karl will be kept on several weeks longer.

Hamburg, at the Bijou, is having a tolerable prosperous time of it. The diminution of amusements has naturally concentrated patronage, so Mr. Reed and his comedy receive a fair share of it.

The Musical Mirror.

The last week of the McCaull company's stay at Wallace's is made interesting by the revival of *Falka* in a very creditable style. The pretty operetta, which was one of the real successes of Colonel McCaull's sojourn at the Casino, is neatly but not gorgeously put on, and sung in a decidedly meritorious manner. Bertha Ricci repeats her success in the role of the dashing niece of General Von Falbach, while Hubert Wilke, Alfred Klein and Harry MacDonough in their old parts, respectively, Boleslaw, Pelican and Arthur, are again the source of much enjoyment. De Wolf Hopper is very funny as Falbach, although he gives a coarser and more extravagant performance than the creator, Mr. Ryley. The surprise and hit of the representation was George C. Boniface, Jr.'s, Tancred. The chorus is efficient, and the scenery modestly effective. The band on Monday night was in a state of pretty constant revolt against the singers. Evidently Signor De Novellis was handicapped by insufficient rehearsals.

Ermine runs prosperously along at the Casino. On the hot nights of last week there was a considerable drop in the attendance, but the return of cool weather has brought about an immediate return of crowded houses. Ermine is the greatest success the Casino has known.

How Kit was Written.

Edward Spencer, of Baltimore, was, to my thinking, best of American dramatists. True, he never wrote a successful play, but he had the creative faculty and the genuine dramatic spirit. His dramatic persona were not chiseled out of one block; they were each and all distinct characters in form, purpose and, above all, in individuality. But, like most literary men, Spencer was always in debt and in trouble. The latter his proud spirit enabled him to calmly confront; but the former, coupled with the premature death of his wife, at last broke him down.

He most certain pressing needs, Spencer wrote a three-act drama, entitled *Across the Plains*. He could find no purchasers for it, because I added a new first act to it, and transforming it into a story, he

subsequently published it in the *Sunday Telegraph* of Baltimore, under the title of "Waste-Water Gush."

The drama had one very strong "situation," a telegraph scene, which I thought worthy of preservation. Unfortunately it was preserved; but not to poor Ned's advantage. It subsequently reappeared, in a very crude form, in the drama known as *Across the Continent*, which Doud Byron afterward purchased and made famous.

Mind, I don't assert that the author of the latter play profited by the fact of Ned Spencer's work having been accessible to him (it had been for months in possession of his manager) to crib the idea. I simply remark upon the remarkable family resemblance of the two titles, and upon the striking similarity of the two telegraph situations in both plays—the only scene in truth which possessed any commercial value in either.

Spencer always insisted upon it that as a matter of record he had the priority of copyright, and at one time desired to assert his legal claims, as against Byron's right of purchase; but knowing the latter's perfect innocence of wrong in the matter, and unwilling to assert a prosperity manfully and honorably earned, I refused my consent. I was in a position to control the question then.

Desiring to try his hand on another work, Spencer asked me for a subject. I pointed out to him that though the stage had been thronged with "Westerns" and Yankees, it had seldom if ever portrayed a typical Southerner, and suggested Joseph Jefferson as a proper representative of the character. A month later Spencer sent me the MS. of a new drama which he had christened *Down the Mississippi*.

I was then managing the Olympic Theatre in New York, and could with difficulty spare time for the perusal of the work. However, I read it at last and returned it with my objections. These he evidently thought not to have been well taken. He paid no practical attention to them and offered the play in its original form to every manager and male "star" that he could conveniently reach.

But nobody wanted the drama; at least nobody bought it, and, utterly discouraged, Spencer again sent me the MS., with a request that I would either sell it for \$300 or lend him a small sum of money on its security. At this stage, Billy Florence directed my attention to Frank Chanfrau's need of a play to succeed Sam. I seized upon the hint, and at once sent Chanfrau the MS. for perusal; but requested a definite reply before nine o'clock the same night, as I had a customer in waiting for the drama.

'Twas the old "gag": We had failed to sell the play; 'twas a question in my mind whether I could give it away.

Chanfrau was prompt to the appointment, and coming at once to "Hecuba," accepted the work at the price I had with many misgivings named—\$300. He offered to give me an additional \$100 if I would make any alterations in the play that after its production might seem necessary, and also permit him to change its name.

His offer was accepted. He re-named the piece *Kit, the Arkansas Traveller*, and produced it at Meech's Academy of Music, Buffalo. Tom De Walden, the then agent for Chanfrau, had tried to lick the play into the desired shape; that is to say, he found the *Black Bar Story* in a series of Western sketches, and introduced it into the play; and he introduced a line or two here and there.

Chanfrau himself suggested the introduction of Col. Faulkner's "Arkansas Traveler" dialogue in order to justify his selection of the alias title.

The piece failed and Chanfrau returned to New York discouraged. As he phrased it, he was "three hundred dollars out." De Walden was even more emphatic in his condemnation. The piece, he said, had nothing in it, and even a qualified success was therefore impossible.

I thought differently; Chanfrau's account of the effect of the performance upon its audiences convinced me that the story was all right, but that something was wrong with its production.

The defect presently came to be understood: *Kit* as performed was a tragic role, whereas Chanfrau had achieved popularity as a comedian. Decidedly the piece must be re-written; its hero re-cast in a different mold. I proposed that De Walden should undertake this revision. He not only flatly refused, but insisted that he should not be quoted as author of the trash. According to his views, the effect of such a connection would be most injurious to his literary reputation.

Chanfrau now held me to my agreement to re-write the play, and after considerable delay and many performances of the play, I did so. I developed the roles of the "Two Beas" and the negro, incorporating to that end all the "gags" which seemed proper or had "told." I touched up the character of "Kit," re-writing the prologue and the two succeeding acts.

A new dilemma now arose. De Walden had forbidden the use of his name as author, and so had Spencer, who very properly contended that the work as now presented was not his bantling at all. It was, however, deemed unwise to give the play anonymously and I induced Spencer to consent to the use of his name as author, by promising my own with it, and thus to halve the odium of its failure.

In this amended form the piece was first produced under my management at the Holli-

day Street Theatre in November, 1869. The success of the production was immediate and complete. I paid Chanfrau \$450 a week for his services, and received \$1,800.

From that time until his death in 1884 Chanfrau and myself were associated in business. The gross receipts of *Kit* in that period exceeded \$2,000,000. Chanfrau's share in the city of Boston alone was something over \$65,000.

Some four or five years after the play had become famous, I one day received a letter from De Walden complaining that injustice had been done him in the omission of his name from the authorship of the play. And Spencer about the same time whimsically protested that his work was "ambitiously claimed by as many authors as 'The Beautiful Snow.'"

CLIFTON W. TAYLEUR.

George Zebold's Insanity and Death.

George W. Zebold, the well-known theatrical manager, died early on Monday morning at Bloomingdale Asylum, to which retreat he had been taken on last Thursday. Mr. Zebold was one of the most popular men in the profession. His habits were exemplary—quiet, hard-working and steady. He did not drink or use tobacco. The first symptoms of aberration of mind were noticed by Mrs. Zebold. This was two or three weeks ago. They were slight, and but little was thought of them at the time. On July 5 the symptoms became serious. The stricken manager went about town purchasing worthless articles. Most of them took the shape of accessories of the toilet, such as tooth-brushes, sponges, combs, etc. His aberration finally developed itself into the idea that he was immensely wealthy. In spite of this delusion, and the fact that he had quite a large sum of money about him, Mr. Zebold took the loan of small sums from almost everybody he met on the Square, returning them, however, in a few minutes.

On Wednesday last his vagaries took a more serious form. He began riding about town in hacks and ordered an expensive dinner at Delmonico's. The St. James and Union Square Hotels were both visited, and the demented manager caused quite a disturbance by asking for money, under the impression that by signing his name to the hotel register he could have whatever he desired. Seeing that his confinement was necessary, Mrs. Zebold, together with Dr. Hepburn and Frank B. Bowers, accompanied Mr. Zebold to Jefferson Market Court, where he was confined temporarily prior to the making out of the papers necessary for his removal to Bloomingdale. The demented manager's condition at that time was serious, although there was a chance for his recovery. He imagined that he owned all of New York, and that the contents of the City Treasury were all at his disposal.

The cause of Mr. Zebold's insanity and death is unknown. For the past two years he had been troubled with an affection of the eyes, which at times almost blinded him. Quite a number of his friends believed that the medicines which he used to overcome this affliction may have affected the brain, but all of the doctors concur in saying that this was impossible. All that was used was a hypodermic injection of strychnine, and, instead of exciting the brain, that medicine has a quieting effect. Mr. Zebold had been under treatment for his eyes to Dr. Agnew, Dr. Seguin, Dr. Hepburn and Professor Swift, and none of these had ever discovered any evidences of insanity. They were all consequently at a loss to discover the reason of the sudden aberration.

Mr. Zebold was known in the profession as an unassuming but able manager. During the Summer months he held positions on the racetracks which called for the exercise of rare mathematical skill, yet he was never known to make a mistake or to have a single error in his accounts. Mr. Zebold lived with his wife and one child, a boy, at No. 352 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn. He was most devoted to his family, and spent most of his time, when not at work, with them. He was born in Cincinnati, and was a little over forty years of age at the time of his death. His first start in life was as a clerk for J. R. Hawley, a newsdealer of Cincinnati, from which position he advanced to that of treasurer for Manager R. E. J. Miles, of the Grand Opera House. Mr. Zebold left this theatre to go to Havana with a circus, and while in the tenting business earned the title of "The Great Champion Ticket Seller," on account of the rapidity with which he dealt out the tickets. Later on Mr. Zebold acted as manager of *The Romany Rye* for Brooks and Dickson, William J. Scanlan, Hermann and Lotta, and but for the untoward event of his insanity and death would most probably have been engaged by Al. Hayman to superintend the tour of Osmond Tearle. The funeral of the dead manager will take place this morning at eleven o'clock.

Orthoepy.

A very enjoyable performance is that that the Bijou is offering its patrons just now. Roland Reed, the central figure in the cast, is surrounded by people that seem to me to get out of their respective parts all that is in them. S. W. Glenn, for example, as Jacob Baris, gives as finished, as artistic a personation of an old English speaking German as it would be possible to conceive of.

As has been my wont of late, when I have seen a performance, I noted what I conceived to be the mispronunciation of the players.

There were not many and more than half of what there were made by the star, whose unaccented words are frequently a very different thing from what they should be. Mr. Reed is doubtless quite unconscious of the fact that he always says *must* instead of *ment*, *once* instead of *enst*, *not* instead of *est* and so on. As I have said more than once before, this mangling of the unaccented vowels does far more to vulgarize one's utterance than the occasional misplacing of an accent. It awakens suspicions of uncultured early associations.

The *u* of *industry* is not the first, but the second *u* of *sulphur*—i. e., it is not a short but an obscure *u*.

Inquiry was accented differently by different members of the company. The accenting of the first syllable is said to be a Scotticism, and is not authorized by any orthoepist.

The *o* of such words as *possess*, *police*, *position*, etc., is pronounced long only by pedantic ignorance.

Miss Hastings, whose utterance in the main is charming, seems to have forgotten that *u* preceded by *r* or the sound of *sh* in the same syllable is generally sounded like long *oo*, else she would not pronounce it in *truth* like the *u* of *duty*.

An occasional half hour given to the studying of a certain little manual entitled "The Orthoepist" would better the pronunciation of many.

ALFRED AYRES.

Professional Doings.

—John A. Stevens is in the city, bronzed, stoutish and jolly.

—The Conways (George, Lizzie and Mamie) are summing at Atlantic City.

—Joseph Armand, the tenor, is disengaged. He is at his home in Philadelphia.

—Pepita will open its season at the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, on Sept. 27.

—Ida Mülle will star the coming season under the management of Ben Tuthill.

—A scenic rehearsal of *May Blossom* will be given at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night.

—James Owen O'Connor is living in a retired part of Hoboken. He is at liberty for next season.

—Annie Jackson has been engaged by Harry Mann for Evans and Hoey's Parlor Match company.

—C. W. Tayleure and his daughter, May Tayleure, are guests of Mrs. Chanfrau at Long Branch.

—D. Lichtenstein, owner and manager of the Tarboro (N. C.) Opera House, is in the city for a few weeks.

—The Corinne Merriemakers were given an enthusiastic reception at Oakland Garden, Boston, on Monday night.

—Harry E. Chase and Sam Morris have just closed their engagement with M. B. Curtis. The former is returning East.

—An Ideal Opera company is in trouble at Rochester, where it was to have opened this week. The theatre remains closed.

—Henry T. Chanfrau is spending his Summer vacation at his mother's cottage, Long Branch. He is accompanied by his wife.

—The season of Larry Reist's Grand Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, will be opened on Sept. 13 by the Emma Abbott Opera company.

—Raymond Holmes, of the Soldiers' Home Dramatic company, Dayton, O., jumped his contract and left for parts unknown on last Saturday.

—Irene Perselle will star next season with Horace Lewis in *Two Nights in Rome* and *Monte Cristo*. The tour opens at Troy on August 16.

—The *Judge* says: "Some actors are striking against Sunday performances, and it seems to us that their persistence in boycotting our Talmage is unfair."

—During the rest of Mr. Mansfield's engagement at the Madison Square Theatre the management have decided to discontinue the Wednesday matinees.

—Alfred Klein, who has again made quite a hit as Brother Pelican in *Falka*, has been engaged by Colonel McCaull for his opera company for the coming season.

—Lola Bartelle, who has been playing the soubrette part in *Only a Woman's Heart*, is now at her home in Brooklyn. She played a continuous season of fifty-two weeks.

—The following company has been engaged for *The Rag Baby*: Frank Daniels, Bessie Sanson, Harry Conner, Helen Reimer, Rosa France, Albert Riddle, Netta Lyford and T. F. Nelson.

—The season at Heuck's Opera House, in Cincinnati, will open August 22, with Milton Nobles as the card, followed Sept. 1 by the Matt Morgan Diorama Company in a series of battle pictures.

—The following people have been engaged for Hedley and Harrison's Silver King and Youth companies: Grace Thorne, Charles A. Haswin, Mary Mills, Eleanor Moretti, Graham Crawford, Willard Lee, Sam Verney and Charles B. Charteris.

—H. S. Taylor and W. W. Randall are both booking time for the New Windsor Theatre in Chicago. This is what Phil H. Lehnen says. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Randall both claim to be doing the sole booking for this house.

—One attraction a week is wanted for the Teutonia Opera House, Saginaw, Mich. Manager Beach says that travelling managers booking the Michigan circuit will find it to their interest to reserve a date for the Teutonia.

—Bloom's, 124 Fifth avenue, is the principal headquarters in this city for the making of costumes. There is found a large staff of designers, cutters and fitters, who are assisted in their work by thousands of ancient and modern drawings.

—King Hedley's travelling company has changed its dates somewhat, owing to the contemplated visit of a circus to St. John, N. B., next week. In consequence St. John is played the latter part of this week and half of next is devoted to Nova Scotia.

—Manager W. E. Bellmer, of Carlinville, Ill., wants a comic opera company for a Fair-ate attraction. As an inducement he offers a house with a seating capacity of 650, thirteen sets of scenery, and says it will do no harm to write for further particulars.

—Mrs. Sims, mother of the late Lizzie Sims, wishes to dispose of the wardrobe and music of the transformation dances formerly executed by her daughter. The things can be seen at her residence, 23 Washington place. Mrs. Sims is in distressed circumstances.

—Harry Greenwall is in receipt of letters from several prominent railway officials in Texas, all tending to show that crop prospects for corn and cotton have never been so favorable. The State has not suffered from drought, and cotton picking will begin in three or four weeks.

—Elaborate preparations are being made for the 100th representation of *Ermine* at the Casino, which takes place early in August. The house will be gaily decorated, the orchestra greatly increased, and a unique and specially designed souvenir will be distributed.

—The new Academy of Music at Wilmington, Del., will open about the middle of August. It is modern in all respects, and will play only regular-price attractions. Stage 34x47 and proscenium opening 28 feet. The city and suburban population of Wilmington is now 70,000.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell have been summering in Maine, where the former has been doing wonders in trout-fishing. His exploits have been chronicled in the *Farmington Photograph* and the *Strong Banner of Freedom*, and he feels that he could now do the one-night stands of Northern Maine with much profit.

—The Youth company, will open its season under the management of Hedley and Harrison, at the Windsor Theatre in this city, on August 23. Thirty-five weeks, almost solidly of week stands, have been booked. The Silver King company, under the same management, opens at Harry Miner's new Hoboken Theatre on Sept. 13. Thirty weeks are filled.

—There is a remote possibility of another theatre being added to the Cincinnati list during 1897-8, as Pike's Opera House, originally one of the finest amusement resorts in the West, and which is now occupied as the Chamber of Commerce, will, in all likelihood, at the expiration of present lease, be reconverted into a theatre.

—Julius Cahn has purchased the right to the spectacular play, *The Bottom of the Sea*, which had a run of 350 nights at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre, Paris, in 1879, and will take it out in the season of 1897-8. Jacob Litt, the well-known Western manager, will be associated with Mr. Cahn in the enterprise. The play is by a French author, and tells an interesting story. Thomas Gossman, of the Lyceum Theatre, has been engaged for the mechanical work.

—Louise Litta has purchased Annie Lewis' play, *Farmer Hathaway's Daughter*, and will produce it in conjunction with Chispa. The work of getting the play ready for the stage prevents Miss Litta from making her contemplated trip to Europe. J. P. Johnson is rapidly filling her time, and has secured Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Milwaukee and other leading cities. He accompanies Miss Litta on tour until Oliver Byron's season opens.

—Lost in London, the spectacular melodrama which S. H. Cohen manages and in which Newton Beers stars, will be presented with many scenic and mechanical effects. Henry E. Hoyt is doing the painting, and is now at work on five scenes, including a transformation. The management states that the scenery is not dragged in to give weight, but that it is absolutely necessary to the complete presentation of the drama as seen in European cities. The Pan-Pipe Singers of North Britain will be a novelty introduced. The play will be booked only in theatres of the first-class.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. SOLOMON WAXES WROTH.

STANDARD THEATRE, July 11, 1896.

Editor New York Mirror:

Sir:—My attention has only just this moment been called to the *San Francisco Chronicle* in your last issue of THE MIRROR, which I enclose:

"Long years ago Joe Redding wrote a waltz for Emeline Melville called the Hebe Waltz, which is still popular here and elsewhere. The other night Joe found himself in company with some friends from New York, and sat down at the piano. They begged him to play something of his own composition, and he gave them several. Finally he began to play the Hebe Waltz. He noticed a kind of faint grin come over the New York faces. He did not quite understand it until an old college chum of his said: 'Say, Joe, that's a little thing.' That's the great hit of Pepita, Solomon's new opera, in New York." Joe was mad. It takes a great deal to make Joe mad, but that did touch him. Next morning he got a printed copy of the waltz, and sent it to his New York friends, and they declare that Solomon has appropriated it and is making a reputation out of it in the East."

I have yet to learn of the famous composition in question, also of the artistic reputation of its composer. It is a piece of the most gross impertinence that I have ever met with during my professional career. And the parties who invented this vile fabrication owe me at least an apology, unless they seek an advertisement through my name. I feel that to say anything further on this subject is but wasting words. Whoever is responsible for the article in question must surely be under some delusion. By inserting this you will oblige.

Yours faithfully, EDWARD SOLOMON.

COLORING MATTER.

Editor New York Mirror:

Sir:—The usual accuracy of your printing department is so noticeable that one would as soon expect to find a typographical error in the London *Times* as in *The Mirror*. Curious mistakes have, however, occurred in the London *Times*, as for instance when, through the short signalling of a telegraph operator, a report of a political speech on public education represented a member of the Ministry as talking about Government measures for teaching the "Tids." Sometimes an alteration of a single letter does severe things in putting new sense or nonsense into a word, as when the *Irish Gazette* announced in a medical bulletin that George IV. was suffering from "goat in the stomach," and as when a country paper declared that "a cow got on a railroad track and was cut into calves by an engine." On another occasion a paper called the *Family Friend* came out as the *Family Fied*.

Ludicrous misprints of this kind might be mentioned till your sixty columns would hold no more, but they are by no means all to be laid at the door of the composing stick. Sometimes authors create the "moss" themselves. The *Tribune* staff under the reign of Horace Greeley could testify to that, and one instance has become historical, that where, from inability to decipher the copy, the line from Shakespeare, "Thy true 'tis play; 'tis 'tis, 'tis true," was set up as "'Tis five, 'tis fifty; 'tis 'tis, 'tis two."

Now, to use a phrase of Sancho Panza's, "what I would be driving at" is this: In your last week's issue, in the article entitled "Shakespeare and Science Art," the word "green" has twice crept in, instead of "Greek." I am made to say in writing of the Athenian chambers in Union of Athens that "each interior in the play (and there are several) was of the choicest green, with every accessory in keeping!" I fear that if the artist who painted them were alive he would protest against being credited with such an "eye for color." In another place, in the same paragraph, the same error converts a Grecian landscape into a green one!

How this error came about I cannot tell. *The Mirror* composing room is so careful always—unless Fourth of July fireworks had anything to do with it. As to my manuscript, it generally is upon the principle of the Duke of Wellington, that the primary object of writing is to be read, so I don't think it rests with me, although it was written by the midnight oil at an early hour, when even churchyards yawn. Moreover, my copy is usually in pencil, so that, had you not well known cause of bad spelling—is not in fault this time.

However, be the *cause of error* what it may, will you oblige me by pointing out to your readers this correction? Yours faithfully, SUSAN CHADLEY.

The Giddy Gusher.



Nat Goodwin is at Nuremberg, Bavaria, on his way to the Carlsbad Springs, and Germany with its scenery does not seem to impress him much. "If anybody ever springs the beauties of the Rhine on you," he writes me, "either give 'em a bad notice or a ticket to go suffer themselves. Fourteen hours of green leaves and ruined castles, fourteen hours of an existence of pantomime, trying by facial expression to make fat-headed waiters understand you, wears on the constitution of an American comedian more than you could believe. The only difference I can see between the ancient gentlemen who built these castles and the successful men about New York is that the former got broke building them and the latter by going out to see 'em. Their prices are regulated in this innocent land by the extent of the ruin and the baggage of the sight-seer. They know a Yankee gripsack as far as they can see one. No man living in a castle on the Rhine ever goes home after twelve o'clock—too hard to climb. (I think of bringing one over and setting it up near the Hoffman House.)"

"The imitations of Dick Mansfield as Prince Karl are numerous and excellent. At Cologne (what's in a name?) by that of Hunter's Point (would smell as rank) we met a perfect type of the Prince, buttoned up in a very green second low comedy uniform. He conducted us to a very nice hotel and undertook to speak English. As I was a superior German scholar, after a contortious half hour we enlisted the services of a third, and during the afternoon I made 'em understand that I was weary and wanted to lay down. My imitation of George L. Fox accomplished this, and I got a room. It's a hundred and eight miles from London to Cologne. We had dashed over this ground in sixteen hours. No wonder such enterprise made me tired."

"We left next morning early on the steamer. I kept saying, 'A Soldier of the Legion,' etc., and looking out sharp for Bingen. We never got there till five, and when I saw the place I didn't wonder he left it and took chances in Algiers. We have wasted a good deal of sympathy on that soldier. It's a deal better to talk about 'fair Bingen on the Rhine' lying on a battle-field comfortably than to worry through a day there in good health."

"My next heroic deed was to stop over at Mayence City, printed in italics on the map. You don't want to avoid anything italicized. This morning we came on to Nuremberg. I believe the distance is fourteen miles. We left Mayence at ten A. M. and arrived here at seven P. M. This is a wild and fearful journey, whirled fourteen miles in nine hours. This is an independent town of Central Franconia; the most important town we have yet struck. The remote history of the place belongs to tradition. I shall never rob tradition. I wouldn't own a rod of it. I'd sooner buy lots in a graveyard. The place is given over to poverty and cathedrals—the cathedrals are as prevalent as the 'pubs' in London. The more I see of Bavaria, the saner I consider the King who lately jumped into a frog-pond to escape from his capital."

"He had great actors come and play to him, he sitting alone in his private box. No wonder. He was ashamed to let the artists see his subjects. I cannot weep for Ludwig. We escape for Carlsbad to-morrow, the place where they re-stomach men and re-liver and light 'em up. I'm assured by several doctors it will make a new man of me. Whether my friends will like me as well as they did the old Nat Goodwin, time will tell. As soon as I am made over I head for dear New York, probably leaving on the 4th of August."

From this letter I judge Germany has not captured my dear Nathaniel's affections. Of London I am not so sure. He has had a splendid time there and is as great a favorite at the clubs as he is in New York. We always like those who like us—reciprocity is the first law of an actor's life. I never knew one who didn't like the lunatics on Blackwell's Island after he'd played for 'em."

While in Nuremberg Nat went to see Der Gluckengel, which is The Mascotte. He couldn't sit it out, and says the German dialect of the actors is inferior to George Knight's. I think "Goodwin in Germany" would be a very interesting book of travel, and THE MIRROR had better get the advance sheets.

The inaccuracies of newspaperdom very seldom give me much trouble, but a statement in one of the dailies landing in very heavily on the father and mother of Alice, Louis and Sam Harrison was so wholly untrue and unjust that it vexed me exceedingly.

The dear old gentleman, Mr. William Harrison, made the paper publish a general denial, but his modesty probably prevented his doing any more.

This paragraph that grieved as good a father and mother as ever lived ran something like this: "Alice Harrison worked in a factory before she went on the stage; she has a fortune of \$75,000, and for years, in return for her parents' neglect of her in childhood, she has supported them."

Anything more untrue in every particular I never remember to have read. Alice Harrison went to school until she was fifteen and then went upon the stage. She was such a little thing that perhaps people thought her an infant prodigy, but at no period of her life did she ever work in any store or factory. She had a comfortable home, and her mother worked hard to make it so for the children. This article stated that the Harrisons were not professional people. William Harrison, the father, was a tenor singer in various minstrel troupes for many years, when illness disabled him. Mrs. Harrison worked night and day keeping boarders in Philadelphia, and sewing every moment possible. She had six children living in those days. Five of them got into theatrical life. Therese Wood, the dancer, was the first to go forth as a bread-winner. William, who died in Australia, was a very clever scenic artist. Alice, who was coached by Therese; Sam, who became business manager, and little Louis, who was advanced in his profession by Alice when she had made a mark for herself. They have all been obedient, affectionate sons and daughters, but on no one of them has ever fallen the burden of their parents' support.

A more self-reliant, independent couple than Mr. and Mrs. Harrison the profession cannot show. I have always maintained that among theatrical people could be found greater family affection than existed outside, and the Harrisons are glorious examples. The love dear "Pop" Harrison has for his bairns is beautiful to behold. A gentle, kindly little gentleman, full of quaint sayings, and bristling with pride in all his children do. One of the greatest delights I have ever found in a theatre has been to turn from the stage when one of the family was playing, and look at the face of "Pop" with its beaming parental pride. Yes, indeed; if any children ever received loving care in this world it has been the Harrisons. After battling with sickness and adversity, feeding and clothing and educating the little brood, as Pa and Ma Harrison did, it's very hard to say that any one of them was neglected. And I am very sure Alice, Louis, Sam and Therese, the quartette now living, who fondly love their clever father and mother, would be the first to indignantly deny the story.

What on earth induces people who haven't the least musical ability to play on hotel pianos? What under Heaven makes men and women with voices like peacocks strike up "White Wings" or "Some Day" the instant they strike a hotel parlor? This is the question I ask night and day as infernal instrumentalists and buzzard singers tackle the public parlors under my rooms. I've got so I bet on 'em. Gentlemen who play the piano with one finger; ladies whose executive ability is confined to feeble accompaniments, and that popular tune called "Days of Absence," are to be distinguished, even on the piazza, from the daisies who warbles "Waiting" and the youth who screeches The Mikado music.

Occasionally a party enters that I fly from as from a mad bull. It is the concerted crowd who will try to do "White Wings" with the parts. I just murmur "Wings" and spread mine. Sure enough, some one seeks me presently and begs me to come hear the most awful gang of an oppressed season. "It's 'Wings,' isn't it?" I ask, and they all say, "Why, did you hear it way out here?" Then I know I've hit it as usual.

Some one said to me the other day that they had been stopping at a hotel where Jacob Hess' wife and boy resided.

"Did you hear her sing?" I asked.

The gentleman had not.

"It's because she can sing then. Everybody who can't sing always sings when in strange hotels," said I. "I've heard 'em at Long Branch going on as they do in padded cells at Bloomingdale; but Mrs. Hess, who has a splendid voice and uses it with cultured ability, will probably board with all her music in her a whole Summer and no one hear it."

Mrs. Hess was a Miss Gertrude Frankau, sister of Joseph, who is now at the Madison Square Theatre. As a young lady she sang often in concerts, and her lovely voice bade fair to make her famous as one of the finest singers in this country. But she preferred Jacob and domestic life to artistic triumphs and the footlights. No doubt she chose the better part. There are disappointments and drawbacks in a public career. There can be no disappointment connected with Jacob Hess. He is certainly a favored man, and when he gets into a hotel parlor where some of my awful transients are howling, I hope he will induce

Mrs. Hess to sing and make the idiotic herd hide their diminished heads.

I allude to these hotel horrors as "transients" usually, since I asked a colored waiter the other day who that was making that ghastly wail in the parlor, and he replied:

"It's one of them transients out of the garden a-trying to 'Nest Again' on the piano. I wish they'd stick to they're 'White Wings.' 'White Wings' sung bad don't sound so dreadful as the other songs, 'pears to me.'"

So now we sit on the piazza and bet on the transients as they head for the tortured piano, and I haven't lost a half dozen times this Summer, so clever at mind-reading is your

GIDDY GUSHER.

Stage Types.

NO. XIII.—THE GAMBLER-MANAGER.

In former days, when Pat Hearn, John Morrissey, Tom Hyer, Chamberlin and others of that ilk flourished, the profession, or, rather, avocation, of a gambler was a lucrative one; but of late people have turned away from the lay-outs and no longer "gambol on the green" to an extent that will be sufficiently remunerative for the aspiring spirits who would reach the top of Fortune's ladder *per saltum*, not *per gradum*; in other words, who would live and thrive by labor other than their own. The Stock Exchange welcomed to its bosom many of these vocation-less sports, who found in the classic shades of Wall street a congenial *academy*; but even Wall street, capacious as is its maw, cannot hold comfortably a fraternity whose name is legion—the Brotherhood of Crooks—and so, some of the outlying skirmishers of this guerrilla force have made a raid upon the stage, bringing the same tactics to bear upon their new trade that had governed their old calling, viz.: reckless venture and relentless "skinning," combined with crass ignorance and sublimity of cheek. It is wonderful how far these qualities, if genuine, not assumed, will carry an adventurer on the road to gain; and when to these are joined a pachydermous insensibility to the contempt and scorn of their fellow-men, and the gambler's peculiar manner of thinking and acting toward women, success is assured.

Ferris Fraterville was of this kidney; a big bony fellow with a face like a mask; a limited acquaintance with the English tongue, and a total ignorance of all grammatically constructed speech, the place of which he ingeniously supplied from the slang dictionary and the *Lingua Latronum*; a chronic insensibility to everything artistic, and a greed for gain that swallowed utterly every other feeling. Fraterville was a true type of the gambler-manager. His was the tact to cater for the corrupt in taste and in morals, even as the legitimate mahager strove to supply the wants of the cultivated and decent. As the commercial manager brought to his market the wares suitable to his honest but obtuse patrons, so did Fraterville seek to provide the satyrs and ogres of society with the food most grateful to their depraved and salacious tastes. The drama was, to him, an unknown quantity, and he wasted no thought on the problem. For plot he substituted passion; for wit, wickedness; for dialogue, *double entendre*; for costume, nudity. Troops of pretty girls with as little clothes on as the law would allow, and sometimes with less; limbs padded to the similitude if not to the reality of symmetry; grease-paint bloom, and aniline tresses—these were his stock in trade. These were displayed upon a background of unconcatenated story, deficient plot, and rapid dialogue, in which local scandal passed for wit and personality for satire. True to his old trade, the game of poker was always a mine from which to draw, and no author could please him who left poker and politics out of his play. A comedian or two—very low comedians—whose acting was like nothing in heaven, nor on earth, nor in the waters under the earth, who were neither Christian, Pagan nor Jew, they imitated humanity so abominably, were his next trump cards. Squalling, strident voices, music-hall vulgarities and pantomime absurdities delighted his narrow soul, and also the souls of his patrons—narrow, too—in fact, souls, properly speaking, they had none; for soul implies sentiment. That principle of vitality that inspires the lower orders of existence as well as the higher in making man akin to brute, found fitting enjoyment, and the money rolled in—sometimes. When the financial tide ebbed, Fraterville, like all his tribe, knew how to talk some foolish fellow, with a full purse and an empty skull, into a theatrical fervor. He could dazzle the eyes of a duke with visions of managerial splendor, dignity and volubility, until the bait was swallowed and the victim's coin went to fill up the vacuum left by the retreating waters of popular favor.

It is a strange fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the gambler-manager can always find fools to back him, while the true, legitimate manager has to struggle on unaided. The foolish fish is caught by the glitter of the bait, and Fraterville, with his brother rogues, knew well how to spin it before the nose of their prey. But, luckily for the profession, the course of the gambler-manager is never very long. He generally has too many irons in the fire at once, and some of them burn his fingers; or he makes the fatal mistake of judging all the world by his own standard; or he misses his pitch by trying to foist his favorite sultana on

a public that won't see it; or, in the plenitude of his ignorance, he spends thousands on a piece that he thinks will draw, but which repels instead, like the negative pole of a magnet; or he ventures to try "fresh fields and pastures new" and finds that foreign meadows do not afford the herbage suitable for his kind of donkey; or he makes some other of the numerous mistakes that beset the paths of the ignorant man, and are snares unto his feet, and so collapses, to the benefit of the profession and of the world at large, and is heard of no more.

Professional Doings.

—Robert Nelson, the tenor, is a recent arrival in the city.

—Katie Dixon is at liberty for emotional roles or juveniles.

—Thirty weeks' time at the Third Avenue Theatre has been filled.

—The Union Square Theatre has twenty-six weeks filled on rental.

—Frank Daniels has been enjoying himself a-fishing at Wolfboro, N. H.

—The new Opera House at Columbus, Ohio, will be ready for opening on August 27.

—Newton Beers opens his season at the Windsor Theatre in September.

—The Rag Baby will open its season at the Grand Opera House in this city Sept. 6.

—John Reid, the father of Roland Reed, has been in the city the past few days.

—W. R. Walker, of the Opera House at Burlington, Vt., is in town for a few days.

—Pepita is now being cast and the principals rehearsed at the Union Square Theatre.

—Thirty-five weeks of the time of the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, has already been filled.

—Charles Duval, a noted English monologue artist, is on the lookout for an opening in this country.

—Bristol's Equestrianism opens at the Third Avenue Theatre on August 16 for three weeks.

—Alice Maynard (Mrs. Harry Rich) is spending the Summer with her mother in Boston.

—George W. June, manager of Viola Allen, has taken a desk in H. S. Taylor's Theatrical Agency.

—Robin Merry is at liberty for second sopranos, ingenues or small boys with first-class companies only.

—P. T. Turner has obtained rights to produce Under the Gaslight and is negotiating with prominent actors.

—Richard Mansfield will open his Fall season of Prince Karl at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Sept. 13.

—Nora Lytton will appear next season in a play written for her by C. R. Marshall, of San Francisco, entitled A Wife's Desertion.

—John Hooley, who is spending the Summer at Babylon, L. I., has been re-engaged as advance agent for the Rag Baby company.

—John T. McKeever, treasurer of the Madison Square Theatre, has gone up to Schroon Lake, in the Adirondacks, to spend his vacation.

—D. G. Longworth has been engaged by George W. June for the leading light comedy part in Talked About, in which Viola Allen stars.

—For reasons that are not stated, H. W. Ellis' musical comedy, Con O'Grady, was not produced at the Windsor Theatre on Monday night.

—D. A. Keyes, formerly general manager for P. H. Lehnen, of Syracuse, is at present stopping at Stony Brook Hotel in the Catskill Mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Q. Seabrooke have closed their tour with Louise Pomeroy and returned to town. They are disengaged for next season.

—E. E. Horne has been engaged by Harry Miner as business manager of the Ziska company, while Frank Evans has been secured as stage manager.

—Managers dealing with A. S. Seer, Union Square, obtain every description of printing from one office. Mr. Seer makes a specialty of reserved-seat tickets.

—William S. Clark, who has been the advertising agent of the People's Theatre since the opening of that house, will remain in his old position a year longer.

—Duke Murray has gone to his home in Chicago. He will there do the advance work for his employer, Milton Nobles, whose season opens in that city on August 16.

—Louise Balle will not star the coming season. She is spending the Summer in Cleveland, and is at liberty for leading business. She is one of our best leading women.

—It has been decided to open the preliminary season at Harrigan's Park Theatre with Investigation. The opening date has been changed from the 17th of August to the 23d.

—T. A. Sweeney, formerly manager of the Opera House at Lawrence, Mass., and last season in advance of Margaret Mather, will the coming season be acting manager for Murray and Sharpley.

—Cyril Sharpley is recovering his health gradually, in spite of reports to the contrary. He has made his appearance around the Square several times recently, and states that he is feeling well, although still under a physician's care.

—Mrs. Mollie Barnard is playing a brief season with Ethel Tucker at Amsterdam, N. Y., assuming leading heavy roles in standard drama. Next season Mrs. Barnard will probably play Mother Shipton in The Roman's Rye.

—Joseph K. Strasburger states that the troupe playing at the Casino, Rochester, N. Y., as the National Ideal Opera company, is not the original organization of that title, which is under his management and playing at present at the Virginia Opera Garden, Atlantic City, N. J.

—"I shall open my season at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia," said Isaac Fleichman to a MIRROR reporter the other day, "on Sept. 6, most probably with Roland Reed in Hamburg. Then I shall have Mrs. Langtry for two engagements, one for two weeks and one for one week. The Kralls are with me for eight weeks, producing all their spectacular pieces. There will be no opera companies at the Walnut."

—J. M. Barron will go on with Charles Pope the coming season. He has been for seven years manager of the Academy of Music, and four years of J. H. McVicker.

—It having been stated that Rose Langford had rented the Windsor Theatre last week, manager, Theodore Wice, called at the Windsor office and showed a sharing contract between Manager Murtha and Miss Langford.

—Charles Davis is rapidly filling the bill of the New Hoboken Theatre. Among attractions already booked are Lesser William Hoodman Blind, Shadows of a Great Man, Osmond Tearle, Kate Claxton, Henry and Co., John A. Stevens, Silver King, Blackmail, Ziska, Wages of Sin and Bunch of Keys.

—Hugh Fay believes that after a sea voyage he will be strong enough to open with the partner Barry at Allentown, Pa., on August 30. Mr. Fay has given up his pilgrimage to Colorado in quest of health, and he will now try the salt-puzzles of the coast. Irish Anarchy will make a tour of the South, where it is a stranger.

—The following company has been engaged to support P. F. Baker in Erie and Lehigh, the season of which will open in this State August 30: John Kernell, who leaves the Windsor ranks; Emily Vivian, Marie McCool, Vito Walters, Harry W. Rich, E. H. Hunt, James A. Ryan, C. W. Travis, Victor Hawley, Robert Cowen and the Cris and Louis Quartette. L. H. Weed will be business manager.

—Frank Mander and William Henderson are busy arranging a clambake, which will take place at Pleasant Bay, near Long Branch, on Friday (Friday), and to which only professionals have been invited. Among those expected to be present are Maggie Mitchell, H. T. Palfrey, William Henderson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mander and John W. Albright and family.

—Merceda, the two act drama which T. H. Aldrich, the well-known magazine writer, has written for Lawrence Barrett, and which the latter will produce at the Star Theatre during September, is founded on an incident in the Napoleonic wars. It is reported that the story first appeared in either Harper's or Scribner's, and that after reading it Mr. Barrett conceived the idea that it could be made into a very good drama.

—James O'Neill will open his season in Monte Cristo, as well as the regular season of the New Haven Opera House, commencing on Sept. 6, following that engagement with a week in Boston. The new scenery for the play, on which Gaspard Mander has been at work for the past few months, is almost completed. The fourth act will be the most magnificent ever painted for Dramatic work, with some novel effects are to be introduced in the way of lighting up the Chateau d'If scene.

—The following company has been engaged for The Wages of Sin: Charles C. Montgomery, James E. Wilson, Willie Royston, Charles Nevins, C. F. Montaine, John H. Bennett, Estelka Wardell, Kate Harrison, Linda L. Baron, Etta E. Baker, Mrs. Harry Cowan and Jennie Daly. Local talent will be secured. The company will open at the Academy of Music, New York, on Sept. 6, and will produce Charles Vincent's new comedy, A Grass Widow, for the first time at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, Nov. 2.

—"Sir Roger," the Tickhamer Claimant, is struggling along with his "minions," but is making poor headway. He tucked New Jersey last week, but the results were barren. The fact is, not the slightest interest, or enthusiasm, can be roused in the solution of the Claimant. Nobody on this side will assume the responsibility of his coming over, and the prospects are that he will leave these shores not a poorer but a much wiser man. He was almost penniless when he arrived, and now he has subsisted since then in a singularity.

—Rehearsals of May Bannan, opening at the Lyceum Theatre under the direction of Ben Maginley. The season will open early in August. Mary Hamilton is engaged for May. Mrs. Jessie Stoddard for Anna Belmont, Estelka Johnson for Millie, Otis Turner, designated "Ben Maginley, Jr." for Tony. Fred Stoddard for Richard Ashbrook, George Hill for Owen, Charles Jeilinger for Eph, Charles Atwood for Hank, and Maud Thompson, Jennie Weller and May and Carrie Johnson for other parts. Charles H. Hicks is business manager and E. D. Griswold, agent.

—It will no doubt surprise the theatrical colony temporarily located in New York to know that those distinguished Tenors, Colonel J. P. Garland, of Waco, and Major Henry Greenwall, of Galveston, had some time ago other until they recently met on the ground of the Empire State. A mutual friend brought them together and introduced them before they were aware of his purpose. The Colonel made some remark not altogether connected with the weather, while the Major feelingly referred to his favorite topic, cotton-crop prospects. Neither made the slightest allusion to Texas theatricals. The gentlemen have not had a second meeting.

—Here is a case of hardy undertaking by a company of twelve playing at dime museum prices. Henry Balmer and his company were on the verge of dissolution through bad business. They had the week of July 5 at the Grand Museum, so-called, in Wallingford. The star waived his claims and did not appear. The company played the week on the commonwealth plan, and the total receipts were a fraction less than \$450. On Saturday night the Museum manager refused to pay them as much as their ferry-fare back to New York. The company had appeared at twelve performances in the first week of the season, and were not paid the price of a cold of grease-paint for their services. But they hold together and tackle another week (or week) stand.

—In conversation with a MIRROR reporter, James T. Powers remarked: "For the last three years almost, or ever since I began to create those tough boys' parts, I've had pretty hard work of it. In Dreams and A Bunch of Keys there was continual running up and down stairs, slamming doors and knocking about, and here in A Tin Soldier I think I have the hardest work of any actor on the stage. In A Tin Soldier there were no less than thirteen changes of dress for me. You must be continually doing something funny, so as to give the audience no chance to grope after the plot. Sometimes during the run up at the Standard I have changed my clothes twenty-eight times in one day. I have just received an offer from Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane, London, to take the leading part in the pantomime next Winter. Of course I cannot accept, but the chances are that I may do so there next season."

The Usher.



Read him who can! The Usher calls him, come!—Love's Lament's Love.

There can be no objection to the press agency business as it is conducted by Jerome Eddy and one or two others. These men act simply as the manager's representative, bringing their industry and system to bear on the work of keeping the newspapers informed as to the affairs of their principals. They do not pretend to insure the insertion of the squibs they send about. They simply use their judgment in forwarding such bits of intelligence as they believe the newspapers want, and trust to the acceptability of the matter for securing its publication. But I understand there is an agency of this description uptown which guarantees the insertion of whatever paragraphs they authorize, and several managers have been hoodwinked into employing their services. Of course, any money paid to a press agency with this understanding is nothing less than a swindle. There is not a man in this country who can guarantee the publication of anything in all the New York papers. Fortunately most managers are personally aware of this fact, so there will not be many deluded with patronizing the stupidly mendacious concern to which I refer.

I understand that a certain limited circle of newspaper lubbers are painfully exercised about the rig and dimensions of that yacht, the *Mariposa*. They can be given in brief space, and for that reason and because I am always glad to enlighten the ignorant, I shall set them forth here: The *Mariposa* is a centre-board, sloop-rigged craft, designed by the famous blind boat-builder Herreschof. The length of hull is thirty feet, her beam is nine feet, and her depth is in just proportion. She carries a mainsail, jib, topsail and jib topsail. She is also equipped with a balloon jib, spinnaker and storm-jib, for use as occasion requires. A yawl is employed as tender. Her cabin has sleeping accommodations for eight, and is comfortably furnished. There is a galley forward. The fittings throughout are brass; the ballast is lead, moulded to fit. The ice-box is large enough to hold the whole editions for twenty-six consecutive weeks of the shrunken sheet with which the aforesaid lubbers are connected. She flies the yellow and black burgee of the New Rochelle Yacht Club. She is as graceful, staunch and speedy a yacht—for her size—as sails the beautiful waters of the Sound. The *Mariposa's* owners weigh 158 and 170 pounds. If I have omitted any particulars which the painfully exercised require, I shall be pleased to supply them.

Edward Solomon wishes to be original, if anything. He says, in relation to the charge made by somebody in San Francisco and reported by our correspondent, that he plagiarized a piece called the "Hebe Waltz" and put it into *Pepita*, that there is but one waltz in his opera and it bears no resemblance whatever to the "Hebe Waltz." Miss Russell introduced the latter piece in *The Sorcerer* and *Patience* a few seasons ago. That is the way, probably, that the individual who started the story got things mixed.

Solomon, by the way, is indignant over an article which appeared recently in the *World*. A member of that paper's staff named Rivers, Riddles or something like that, recently wrote the composer a letter asking if he might be allowed to interview him and hear some of the music of *The Maid* and the *Moonshiner*. The request was granted, whereupon the reporter penned an article in which he showed his ignorance of music by attempting to dissect Solomon's score, and his disregard for facts by putting words into Solomon's mouth that he had never uttered. According to his own accounts, by the way, Solomon is a lightning composer. He wrote every note of *The Maid* and the *Moonshiner* in two weeks. "The Silver Line" was written in six minutes, and the "Coo-roo" song of *Pepita* in just half that time.

Some of the old-time actors and managers have persistently maintained through thick and thin that the taste of the traditional Bowery play-goers has undergone no mutations, and that success would surely perch upon the banner of the bold spirit who would step to the fore and revive the class of production which flourished in the day of old Froiligh. In the

way of experiment the performance of *Jack Shopped* by a number of palmy-day relics at the Windsor next week should settle this matter one way or the other for good.

The McCaul reason at Wallack's has been fairly successful, but not sufficiently so to be the occasion of much jubilation. The Colonel has done wisely to close down while things are tolerably prosperous, rather than trust the fate of the new opera he holds in keeping to a mid-summer production.

Dr. Robertson has arrived in London, where he is of course having a good time with his friends, both native and American. The Doctor goes to Paris next and thence to Ireland. He embarks for this city August 3 at Queens-town on the *City of Rome*.

In the Courts.

THE THEATRICAL LICENSE QUESTION.

Although a representative from nearly every concert garden or hall in the city has been arrested, under the late decision of the Court of Appeals, for not having theatrical licenses, there seems to be a good deal of delay in bringing the cases to trial. Several such cases were called last week in the lower courts, but postponements resulted. Still the performances go on in these places of amusement, and beer flows as freely as ever.

A delegation consisting of representatives of several concert halls called upon the Police Commissioners and asked them what they intended to do. They told the concert-hall men that the Corporation Counsel had been requested to give an opinion as to what action should be taken. A mutual protective union has been formed by some of the concert-garden owners in whose places only orchestral selections are given, for the purpose of raising funds and employing counsel to fight the present interpretation of the law. Mr. Koster has decided to get a theatrical license for the Twenty-third street resort and give up beer-selling.

While the Corporation Counsel's views are being waited for, Superintendent Murray has ordered the police captains to make reports of the music gardens and halls in their precincts and the character of entertainment carried on therein.

THE DOUBLE-STAGE PATENTS.

United States Commissioner Shields has been taking testimony in the United States Circuit Court this week in the suit of Nelson Waldron, who was stage manager of the Madison Square Theatre, against Albert M. Palmer and Marshall Mallory, claiming that they have infringed his patent in regard to appliances for a double stage. Waldron says he was the inventor of these appliances, and claims that the profits made by the use of his mechanism amount to over \$100,000. The other side claim that the managers of the theatre made many suggestions in regard to the appliances for the movement of the double stage, and that they have not infringed Mr. Waldron's patents. After the testimony is all in it will be presented to Judge Wallace and argument made by the lawyers.

Manager Mishler's New Theatre.

Manager John D. Mishler, of Reading, Pa., has been spending a week in town among his numerous friends in and out of the profession. His New Academy of Music at Reading, Pa., he says, is rapidly approaching completion. Mr. Mishler visited the leading theatres of Europe and America in perfecting the plans for the theatre, and is sparing no expense in making it a model house in every respect. It is on the ground floor, with a seating capacity of 1,600 and a stage 45x80. The New is situated on Sixth street, one block from the site of the old Academy of Music. Manager Mishler speaks of his enterprise with pardonable enthusiasm.

"The visiting profession," he says, "will be surprised with the comforts I have provided in the way of dressing-rooms with modern appointments, etc. I have never played a 'ten-twenty-thirty' company in Reading, and never intend to. I attribute much of the lack of amusement patronage in that city to indiscriminate booking. The people have been deceived so much that thousands have given up attending the theatre. It will not pay to play *Modjeska*, a prize fighting combination, a female minstrel troupe and a 'ten-twenty-thirty' following one another in the same theatre. It is my intention to have the New Academy of Music open not oftener than three times a week, and on such occasions only the most meritorious entertainments will be provided. When these cannot be obtained the house will remain closed. I have had an extensive experience in the theatrical business and know just what our people want. I have provided a place of amusement and a list of entertainments of which they may well feel proud."

Lost Again.

Doré Davidson denies Agent Berry's statements regarding the recent season of *Lost*, and says:

"I engaged Mr. Berry merely for his expenses, as the taking out of *Lost* was simply a Summer enterprise. When we arrived in Cincinnati I found he had drawn upon me to the extent of \$50. As he had \$300 worth of my printing in his possession I felt I could not discharge him. I took his receipt in full up to

May 15, and we began another arrangement, by which he got \$50 a week, paying his own expenses. When we left Syracuse to go to Buffalo he telegraphed me to send on \$50 or he would not bill the town. At the time I owed him but \$10. I accepted the resignation implied in the despatch.

"He then wrote inflammatory letters to the company, telling them that when I came there he would attach the scenery. After much annoyance from Berry we reached Buffalo. I stood trial on his claim and won the suit.

"I owe the company about a week's salary. As to Mr. Harned being at the back of the company, I emphatically told the people I was not in any way backed. During this last tour my wife sacrificed not only her own salary, but the royalties she should have received on the play as well, so that the company should get their money. In fact she would not accept anything for herself so long a penny was owing, which was very liberal, but also very unbusinesslike. I have given up all idea of putting *Lost* on the road next season."

Mr. Hill's New Prima Donna.

"I have discovered a young lady," said Manager J. M. Hill to a *Mirror* reporter the other day, "who is very apt and a very fine singer, and she will play *Pepita*. Her name is Marie Louise Day. She steps up to E naturally. She is a young lady who, I think, can fill the part. There is no truth in reports that there has been trouble between myself and Lillian Russell.

"I have no complaint to make against Miss Russell or her husband, Mr. Solomon. On the contrary I was very much pleased with them both. It was their interest more than my own that I consulted when I consented to release them, as Mr. Solomon has written a new opera in which the services of himself and his wife may be used to better advantage. We came to an amicable arrangement and parted as friends."

Mr. Solomon spoke somewhat cautiously when the subject of his separation from Mr. Hill was broached to him by the reporter.

"There has been no trouble whatever," he explained. "Mr. Hill assures me that I am numbered among his most cherished friends. My wife and I go with Mr. Duff simply because we have made arrangements that are certain to bring us in handsome returns, if my new opera makes the success we confidently expect for it. Mr. Hill is going to take *Pepita* into the one and two night stands, and he has no need, therefore, of continuing to employ Miss Russell as prima donna and myself as musical director."

Manager Bardwell's Firm Stand.

"I have not in the past, and will not in the future, book any company whose entertainment is not worth seventy-five cents or more for reserved seats," said Manager W. E. Bardwell, of Elmira, N. Y., to a *Mirror* reporter as he sat at a desk in Taylor's Theatrical Exchange while on a visit to New York a few days ago. "My lowest price of admission is thirty-five cents to the upper gallery. I have the only theatre in Elmira that will not book the ten-cent companies. My record for furnishing first-class attractions to the people of that city has been made and I propose to keep it good."

"What are your prospects for the coming season?"

"As bright as for any previous season. The Elmira Opera House will be in a better condition for the reception of first-class companies than ever before in its history. I have made arrangements for a wholesale overhauling and redecorating. Considerable attention has been paid to securing handsome designs, which have been prepared by a first-class artist, and when the decorators have finished their work I believe I will have the pleasure of managing one of the pleasantest and most attractive theatres in the State outside of New York. Within the past few weeks a new raised floor has been laid in the orchestra circle, making the rear seats as desirable as those nearer the stage. Add to this the fact that the house has been refitted with the latest improved steam-heating apparatus, and that I propose to make many minor improvements, notably affecting the stage and dressing-rooms, and I am certain the profession, as well as the theatre-going public, will be greatly pleased with the house. I have booked only the best attractions. During occasional trips to the city my headquarters will be at Taylor's Exchange."

A Little Revival in "Stock."

Harry Greenwall, the Lone Star manager, has Texas—at least theatrical Texas—pretty well mapped out. When a *Mirror* reporter approached his desk in the Star Theatre building he was engaged in reading a letter from a Texas railroad magnate, who was simply enthusiastic over the prospects for a huge cotton crop. As the reporter stood behind the manager's chair, the latter was reading extracts from the letter to a friend: "If the cotton-growers of Texas had had the making of the weather in their own hands, they could not have been better satisfied with the cotton crop. A gentle rain has placed an enormous cotton crop beyond possibility of failure. In less than thirty days the cotton crop—"

Just then Mr. Greenwall's attention was attracted to *THE MIRROR* man, and he hastily placed the letter in his pocket; for the scribe had been listening, season in and season out,

to Mr. Greenwall's fairy stories about the Texas cotton crop.

Mr. Greenwall has made some excellent bookings for Texas. His time is pretty well filled, as is shown by an enormous schedule of the towns, the dates and the attractions. Although most of the attractions are of the best, the circuit manager regrets that he could not have them all of this class. He has been compelled to accept some few "experiments"—or new attractions. This led him into a train of musing.

"Looking back over nearly a quarter of a century of experience in the amusement field," said he, "I cannot help predicting at least a slight revival of the old stock system. Billwell made a success of it in New Orleans last season. His really fine company was landed everywhere. I have in view a good stock company for Texas, with Galveston as the home city. The company could play all over Texas and up into Arkansas, and also take in a town or two in Louisiana. The company would have to be very strong and be carefully handled. It would be pitted against leading stars visiting the Southwest. The stock company would be used to fill up gaps in place of booking uncertain attractions, as we are compelled to do from year to year. It is too late to think of getting up a company for the coming season; but I think it is very likely that I will have a 'movable' stock company in '87-88. I have talked the matter over with John Tannenbaum, the member from Alabama. We thought of engaging a stock company for thirty-two weeks, playing it as we needed it—four months with Jake and four months with me. But we have not come to any understanding in the matter. Should it be decided to form a stock company, the preliminaries of its organization will be entered into early next Spring."

A Friendly Parting.

When J. M. Hill departs for San Francisco on Saturday, he leaves behind him an employee who has spent several years in his service, and who was closer to him than any other of his lieutenants. E. G. Haynes, the gentleman referred to, has had charge of all the details of Mr. Hill's enterprises, although his name was never blazoned on paper and rarely appeared in print. His was the quiet work of the inner desk—the keeping of the records, the laying out of the routes, the footing up of the expenses, etc. In fact he was manager, private secretary and auditor all in one. In resigning from Mr. Hill's service, Mr. Haynes does not desert the theatrical field. Tired of travelling, he has leased the new Academy of Music at Norristown, Pa., and will there settle down to local management. The following correspondence, which has recently passed between Mr. Haynes and Mr. Hill, explains itself:

NEW YORK, June 25, 1886.
J. M. HILL, Esq.—MY DEAR SIR:—Having taken a five years' lease of the New Opera House at Norristown, Pa., it becomes necessary for me to tender my resignation as your secretary, etc. After so many years spent in your service, I feel that I am parting from one in whose employ I have ever been made to feel it was a pleasure to serve his interests. Trusting I shall carry with me your good will, and wishing you a continuance of your past remarkable success,
I remain ever yours faithfully,
E. G. HAYNES.

NEW YORK, June 25, 1886.
MR. E. G. HAYNES—MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of June 25, informing me of your business arrangement in Norristown, Pa., received, and while I regret exceedingly the loss of so valuable a man as you have proved yourself to be, I cannot but congratulate you upon your flattering prospects. If you are as loyal to yourself as you have proved to be to me, success will be inevitable. Wishing you the prosperity that I believe to be in store for you, I am, very truly yours,
J. M. HILL.

Mr. Haynes is followed into his new field by the hearty good wishes of his numerous associates on Mr. Hill's staff. He is now getting together a company for the informal opening of the new house at Norristown. The Private Tutor will be presented with a musical setting, and a special orchestra of sixteen pieces will be provided. The opening will take place on Saturday evening, July 24. The presentation of *The Private Tutor* as a musical comedy will be an experiment. The piece is said to be well adapted for a musical setting. The regular opening of the house will occur on August 25, when Arthur Rehan's fine company of comedians will present the great comedy success, *Nancy & Co.* Mr. Haynes has a fine list of bookings. A glance at this list shows it to compare favorably with those of any of our metropolitan combination houses. Quite a number of Mr. Haynes' friends from various places will attend the opening.

Manager Lehnen's New Enterprise.

Philip H. Lehnen, the well-known interior New York manager, arrived in the city on Friday, and was seen the other day by a *Mirror* reporter. The scribe was shown cleverly designed plans of the New Windsor Theatre, Chicago, by Oscar Cobb, the architect of that city.

"I am jointly interested with John A. Stevens in the building of this theatre," said Mr. Lehnen, "and without being at all boastful, I really think we shall have one of the handsomest theatres in the West. It will be on the North side of the city, on the corner of Clark and Division streets, and will have a seating capacity of 2,300.

"We expect to open the season about the middle of September. It will be a popular-price house, the range being from twenty-five cents to one dollar. The theatre is built on the ground floor, and is to have all the modern conveniences and improvements. No less than eleven street-car lines pass the door. We have already filled twenty-four weeks, and some of the principal stars and combinations

will be seen at our house. In connection with this new theatre I don't wish to be understood that I will have my Syracuse house—the *Grand Opera House*—the *Grand Opera House* Rochester, and that I will control any *Grand New York theatre*."

"The season of the New Windsor will most probably be opened on Sept. 27 by the *Black Brothers*," continued Mr. Lehnen, "although I am not quite sure whether it will be *The Black Crook* or *The Bar Caravan*. Among the attractions which I have already booked are *Pepita*, *Richard Mansfield*, *Shelton* of a *Great City*, *Chas. Ray*, *Harry*, *Heine's Minstrel Men*, *Hoodman Hood*, *Oliver Brown*, *Edith Reed*, *Ring of Iron*, *Emmeline*, *Edith*, *Edith Kelly*, *A Night On*, *Letta* and *Leola Jansen*."

Mr. Nobles Will Retain The Phoenix.

"I have decided to retain my old stand-by, *The Phoenix*, in my own repertoire," said Milton Nobles to a *Mirror* reporter yesterday. "Max Fehrmann had booked considerable time for the play for next season, and had also appeared in it for a couple of weeks at the close of the past season."

"How did you come to change your mind, Mr. Nobles?" asked the reporter.

"It was a sober second thought. I found it would not do to allow the play to be presented in the cheap-price theatre. All done made for the Fehrmann company have been satisfactorily cancelled, and Mr. Fehrmann will return to his old position in my company at an increased salary. Mr. Fehrmann, by the way, has made a national reputation in the character of *Moons Solomon*. He was my leader of orchestra at the time *Mr. E. C. Carter* was my comedian, and gave the latter his first 'points' in *Hebe*. Six years ago, during an engagement at the *Bank Street Theatre*, San Francisco, poor *Leola Schenck*, who was then playing *Maud*, but his value entirely during a routine performance. The house was all sold for the night performance, and the *Jew* character had been one of the strong successes of the play, so word. *Charles Locke* rushed back and suggested the names of four or five 'California' comedians who could be got at on short notice. 'Never mind,' said I. 'I've got a *Siddler* and a property-man, and other of them can play the part better than any of the 'local favorites' you have mentioned. I asked Fehrmann if he would play the part. He hesitated, but said, finally, 'If you will call it I will.' 'I'll risk it,' I replied. Fehrmann played the part that night without a rehearsal and made a great success. He played it during the remainder of the engagement. At the end of the season he dropped his violin and went on the road as a star in a *Hebe* play called *Uncle Isaac*. The venture was not a financial success, and the year following he returned me as comedian and has since remained with me ever since."

To Feature Macbeth.

E. D. Price, who was McKee Rankin's business manager, and right-hand man in San Francisco, arrived in New York about ten days ago. He was preparing to explain when he describes as "a big thing," and for that reason he kept in the background until yesterday, when a representative of *The Mirror* found him ready to talk about it.

"I am making arrangements to take a great Shakespearean production on the road next season," said Mr. Price. "You know, we produced *Macbeth* on an elaborate scale in 'Frisco not long ago, where it had an unprecedented run in that place—three weeks. The performance was remarkable for its completeness in every detail and its novelty. I shall direct a tour with this tragedy as the attraction, presented in even a more splendid style than in 'Frisco. New and picturesque scenery will be painted, and carried everywhere on scene-vans. The music by Mr. Kelly, that made such a sensation among the California public and critics, will be given in its entirety. This music is exceptionally fine. Some of it is descriptive, and played in the *entr'actes*, but there are incidental pieces which give a marvellous color to the principal events depicted in the play. Thomas has played selections from Mr. Kelly's composition throughout the country, and recently at the National Teachers' Convention in Boston it was given under the composer's direction with pronounced success.

"I am finding no difficulty in making a good route. Managers always can squeeze out dates for something that wins their confidence. The opening will take place in September at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia. As I could not get a New York date I preferred this as the next best thing. *Macbeth* will be given here in midwinter. The list of principals includes McKee Rankin, Frank Mordaunt, Dan Hartigan, C. J. Bishop and J. J. Wallace. Besides the people for the cast of twenty-seven parts we will employ thirty-four supernumeraries, forty choristers and a band of fifty performers.

"Rankin's Theatre in 'Frisco is closed this week for the first time in over a year. The Eden Musee is being added to the house, and that necessitated the temporary removal of *Macbeth*. Next week the establishment will be opened. Rankin has had many changes. He is like a rubber ball; throw him down and he is sure to bounce up again. He has been in a fight in 'Frisco, and so have his friends, but he has managed to get out of it better than most people expected."

Henry Irving's Lecture at Oxford.

London reports of the lecture recently delivered at Oxford by Henry Irving were cabled to this side immediately after its delivery, but they were naturally meagre and unsatisfactory. The last foreign mail brings a copy of the London Times containing copious extracts from the discourse, the reproduction of which will unquestionably prove interesting to our readers. The Times report runs as follows:

What the speaker proposed was to say something about four of our greatest actors in the past, each of whom might be termed the representative of an important period in the annals of our national drama. It had been remarked in a biography of Edmund Kean that there seemed always to have been an alternation between the schools of nature and art (if they might so term them) in the annals of the English theatre. Now, if for "art" he might be allowed to substitute "artificiality," which was what the author really meant, he thought that the sentence was an epitome of the history of our stage; and it struck him at once that he could not select anything more appropriate—he would not say as a text, for that sounded as if he were going to deliver a sermon—but as the *motif* or theme of the remarks he was about to offer. The four actors of whom he should attempt to tell them something—Burbage, Betterton, Garrick and Kean—were the four greatest champions, in their respective times, on the stage of nature in contradistinction to artificiality. I might say that Shakespeare was the first dramatist who dared to rob tragedy of her stilts. But it was not only with regard to the writing of his plays that Shakespeare sought to fight the battle of nature against artificiality. However naturally he might write, the affected or monotonous delivery of his verse by the actors would neutralize all his efforts. The old rhyming ten syllable lines could not but lead to a monotonous style of elocution; so Shakespeare fitted his blank verse to the natural expression of his ideas, and not his ideas to the trammels of blank verse. In order to carry out these reforms, in order to dethrone artifice and affectation, he needed the help of actors in whom he could trust, and especially of a leading actor who could interpret his greatest dramatic creations; such a one he found in Richard Burbage. Burbage was the first great actor that England ever saw, the original representative of, among other characters, Shylock, Richard, Romeo, Hamlet, Lear, Othello and Macbeth. We might fairly conclude Burbage's acting to have had all the best characteristics of natural, as opposed to artificial, acting of the style advocated in Hamlet's advice to the players.

Thomas Betterton arose at the very time when dramatic art had, as it were, to be resuscitated. Directly the Puritans (who hated the stage and everyone connected with it as heartily as they hated their cavalier neighbors) came into power, they abolished the theatres, as they did every other form of intellectual amusement; and for many years the drama only existed in the form of a few vulgar "drolls." It must have been, indeed, a dismal time for the people of England; with all the horrors of civil war fresh in their memory, the more than paternal Government allowed its subjects no other amusement than that of consigning their neighbors to eternal damnation and of selecting for themselves—by anticipation—all the best reserved seats in heaven. When the Restoration took place, the inevitable reaction followed. Society having been condemned to a lengthened period of an involuntary piety—which sat anything but easily on it—rushed into the other extreme; all who wanted to be in fashion professed but little morality, and it is to be feared that, for once in a way, their practice did not come short of their profession. Now was the time when, instead of "poor players," "fine gentlemen" condescended to write for the stage; and it might be remarked that, as long as the literary interests of the theatre were in their keeping, the tone of the plays represented was more corrupt than it ever was at any other period of the history of the drama. At such a time, when the highly flavored comedies of Wycherley and Congreve were all the vogue, and when the monotonous prodigality of nearly all the characters introduced into those plays was calculated to encourage the most artificial style of acting, it was something to be thankful for that Betterton and one or two other actors could infuse life into the noblest creations of Shakespeare. Owing more especially to Betterton's marvelous powers, Hamlet held its own in popularity, even against such witty productions as *Love for Love*. It was also fortunate that the same actor who could draw tears as Hamlet was equally at home in the feigned madness of that amusing rake Valentine, or in the somewhat coarse humor of Sir John Brute. By charming the public in what were the popular novelties of the day, he was able to command their support when he sought it for a nobler form of drama. His married life seems to have been one of perfect happiness. When one heard so much of the prodigality of actors and actresses, and that they were all such a very wicked lot, it was pleasant to think of this couple, in an age proverbial for its immorality, in a city where the highest in rank set an example of shameless license, living their quiet, pure, artistic life, respected and beloved by all that knew them. Betterton had few physical advantages. If we are to believe Antony Anon, one of his contemporaries, he had "a short, thick neck, stooped in the shoulders, fat

short arms, which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach. His left hand frequently lodged in his breast, between his coat and waistcoat, while with his right he prepared his speech." Yet the same critic is obliged to confess, that at seventy years of age, a younger man might have personated, but could not have acted, Hamlet better. It might be added that the censure said to have been directed against Betterton for the introduction of scenery was the prototype of that cry which we heard so often nowadays against over-elaboration in the arrangements of the stage. "If," said Mr. Irving, "it be a crime against good taste to endeavor to enlist every art in the service of the stage, and to heighten the effect of noble poetry by surrounding it with the most beautiful and appropriate accessories, I myself must plead guilty to that charge; but I should like to point out that every dramatist who has ever lived, from Shakespeare downward, has always endeavored to get his plays upon the stage with as good effect and as handsome appointments as possible." Some people might hold that paying attention to such matters necessitated inattention to the acting; but the majority did not, and he believed that they were right.

Little more than thirty years were to elapse between the death of Betterton and the appearance of David Garrick. In this comparatively short interval progress in dramatic affairs had been all backward. Shakespeare's advice to the actors had been neglected. Garrick, who in one leap gained a position which in the case of most other actors had only been reached after years of toil, changed all that. Nature in the place of artificiality, originality in the place of conventionality, triumphed on the stage once more. His career was one long triumph, checked, indeed, by disagreements, quarrels and heart-burnings (for Garrick was extremely sensitive), caused, for the most part, by the envy and jealousy which invariably dogged the heels of success. Never was a man in any profession, perhaps, who combined so many various qualities. A fair poet, a most fluent correspondent, an admirable conversationalist, possessing a person of singular grace, a voice of marvellous expressiveness, and a disposition so mercurial and vivacious as is rarely found in any Englishman, he was destined to be a great social as well as a great artistic success. Perhaps Richard III. was his best Shakespearean character. Of course, he played Cymbeline's version and not Shakespeare's. In fact, many of the Shakespearean parts were not played from the poet's own text, but perhaps Garrick might have doubted whether even his popularity would have reconciled his audiences to the unadulterated poetry of our greatest dramatist. Next to Richard III., Lear would seem to have been his best Shakespearean performance. In Hamlet and Othello he did not equal Betterton; and in the latter, certainly from all one could discover, he was infinitely surpassed by Edmund Kean. In fact, Othello was not one of his great parts. His remarkable successes in society, which achieved for him a position only inferior to that he achieved on the stage, was the best answer to what was often talked about—the degrading nature of the actor's profession. Since the days of Roscius no contempt for actors in general, or for their art, had prevented a great actor from attaining the position accorded to all distinguished in what are held to be the highest arts.

Nearly nine years after the death of Garrick, on Nov. 4, 1787, a young woman, who had run away from home when little more than a child to join a company of strolling players, and who, when that occupation failed, earned a scanty living as a hawker in the streets of London, gave birth, in a wretched room, near Gray's Inn, to an illegitimate child. This woman was Nance Carey, the granddaughter of Henry Carey, the author of the national anthem. She was the great granddaughter of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, whose natural son Henry Carey was. Three months after his birth she deserted her child, leaving him, without a word of apology or regret, to the care of a woman who had befriended her in her trouble. A mere sketch of his early life—ample details of which might be found in Mr. Hawkins' admirable "Life of Edmund Kean"—would give a sufficient idea of what he must have endured and suffered. When, years afterward, the passionate love of Shakespeare, which, without exaggeration, one might say he showed almost from his cradle, had reaped its own reward in the wonderful success which he achieved, if we found him then averse to respectable conventionalities, erratic and even dissipated in his habits, let us mercifully remember the bitter and degrading sufferings which he passed through in his childhood, and not judge too harshly the great actor. Unlike those whose lives had just been considered, he knew none of the softening influences of a home; to him the very name of mother, instead of recalling every tender and affectionate feeling, was but the symbol of a vague horror, the fountain of that degradation of his nature, from which no subsequent prosperity could ever redeem it. For many years after boyhood his life was one of continual hardship. With that unsubdued conviction of his own powers, which often is the sole consolation of genius, he toiled on the sole consolation of genius, he toiled on and bravely struggled through the sordid miseries of a struggling player's life. In the result he exercised over his audience a fascination which was probably never exercised by any other actor. Garrick was no doubt his superior in parts of high comedy. In such parts as

Coriolanus John Kemble smelted him; but in Shylock, in Richard, in Iago, and above all in Othello, it might be doubted whether Edmund Kean ever had an equal. As far as one could judge from the many criticisms extant, written by the most intellectual men, and from the accounts of those who saw him in his prime, he was the greatest genius that our stage had ever seen. Unequal he might have been, perhaps often so; but there were moments in his acting which were, without exaggeration, moments of inspiration. Coleridge was reported to have said that to see Kean act was "like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." That often quoted sentence embodied, perhaps, the main feature of Edmund Kean's greatness as an actor; for when he was impersonating the heroes of our poet he revealed their nature by an instant flash of light so searching that every minute feature, which by the ordinary light of day was hardly visible, stood bright and clear before you. The effect of such acting was indeed that of lightning; it appalled; the timid hid their eyes, and fashionable society shrank from such heart-piercing revelations of human passion. It might be doubted whether there ever was any who so thought out his part, who so closely studied with the inward eye of the artist the wave of emotion that might have agitated the minds of the beings whom he represented. It had been said that Kean swept away the Kembles and their classical school of acting. It was idle to say because John Kemble's style of acting was solemn and slow he was not one of the greatest actors that our stage had produced. The world of art was wide enough for both, and the hearts of those who truly loved art were large enough to cherish the memory of both as of men who did noble work in their profession. Kean blended the realistic with the ideal in acting, and founded a school of which William Charles Macready was the foremost disciple. Thus had they glanced briefly enough at four of our greatest actors whose names were landmarks in the history of the greatest drama of the world. It had been seen how they all carried out, by different methods, perhaps, but in the same spirit, the principle that in acting nature must dominate art. But it was art that must interpret nature, and to interpret the thoughts and emotions of her mistress must be her object. These thoughts, these emotions, must be interpreted with grace, with dignity, and with temperance, and these, it should be remembered, art alone could teach.

"Dramatic Rights Reserved."

Are the latter day novelists striving to introduce themselves to the histrionic art under a new and gauzy veil? The startling sensations put forth between covers of late seem to aim their winged, fiery shafts straight at the target of the stage. "Dramatic rights reserved" may mean much or little—generally the latter so far as any real use is concerned. Out of forty novels bearing the foregoing upon their title-pages, I fail to find one which could successfully withstand the "clip," "snip" and "tear" of the dramatist's shears and pen.

Every prodigy of literary ability puts forth his or her book nowadays with dramatic rights reserved. Heaven preserve the drama from such vainglorious espionage! You may call the art of drama-making an art of clap-net and lurid fire if you will; but there is an honest purpose underlying each and every plot introduced. The novel writer's task too often descends to the prosy, dry-as-dust facts for the simple purpose of spinning strands of alleged gold which, in the ultimatum, come from the wheel dull ropes of sand and dross.

The novelist says the art of dramatic writing is an art of improbability. And the dramatic writer has clear and high grounds for asserting the same against the novelist's art. They both stand alone, clear and distinct, one from the other. Either can retain its upright position without the other's prop of assistance. To day there is not a novel bearing the words "All dramatic rights reserved" which is worthy to play its part in the hands of a positionist in the drawing room scene of a society play.

In contradistinction to this, some of the most successful novels of the season draw their plots, characters and general work from the stage success of these times. "Dramatic rights reserved" serve to sell the book; but so far as serving dramatic purposes the book is *nil*. There was a time when books stood or fell by their merits. No borrowed plumes can buoy up a stone destined for oblivion, and it were time the present-day novelist bethought himself or herself of this. H. S. KELLER.

Dixey Not to Appear at the Casino.

All negotiations by which Henry E. Dixey was to have played in Adonis at the Casino for two weeks in September are now off," said Rudolph Aronson to a MIRROR reporter recently. "Before Rice left for Europe it was decided that I should let him know by June 16 whether he could have the house for a fortnight, beginning Sept. 30. On June 15 I cabled that he could have three weeks, and received a reply from his manager saying I must wait until the following Tuesday for a definite reply. I cabled that I must have 'Yes' or 'No.' I also stipulated that the engagement must be Mr. Dixey's first appearance after his return to America. His manager cabled: 'Accept dates. Authorize Rice to sign.'"

"On receipt of this I telegraphed Isaac B. Rich in all four times. After the lapse of a

week I received a telegram from Charles Rich, his son, stating that his father was away for two weeks, and that he had opened all his telegrams without finding any authority from Rice to sign the contract with me. Of course the telegram to me was not sufficient authority for the signing of the contract, so that I had to drop the whole business right there."

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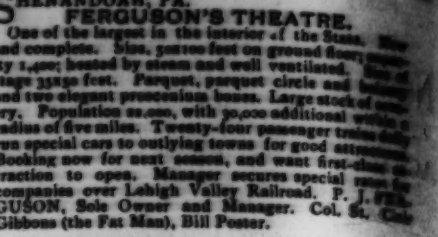
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